

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

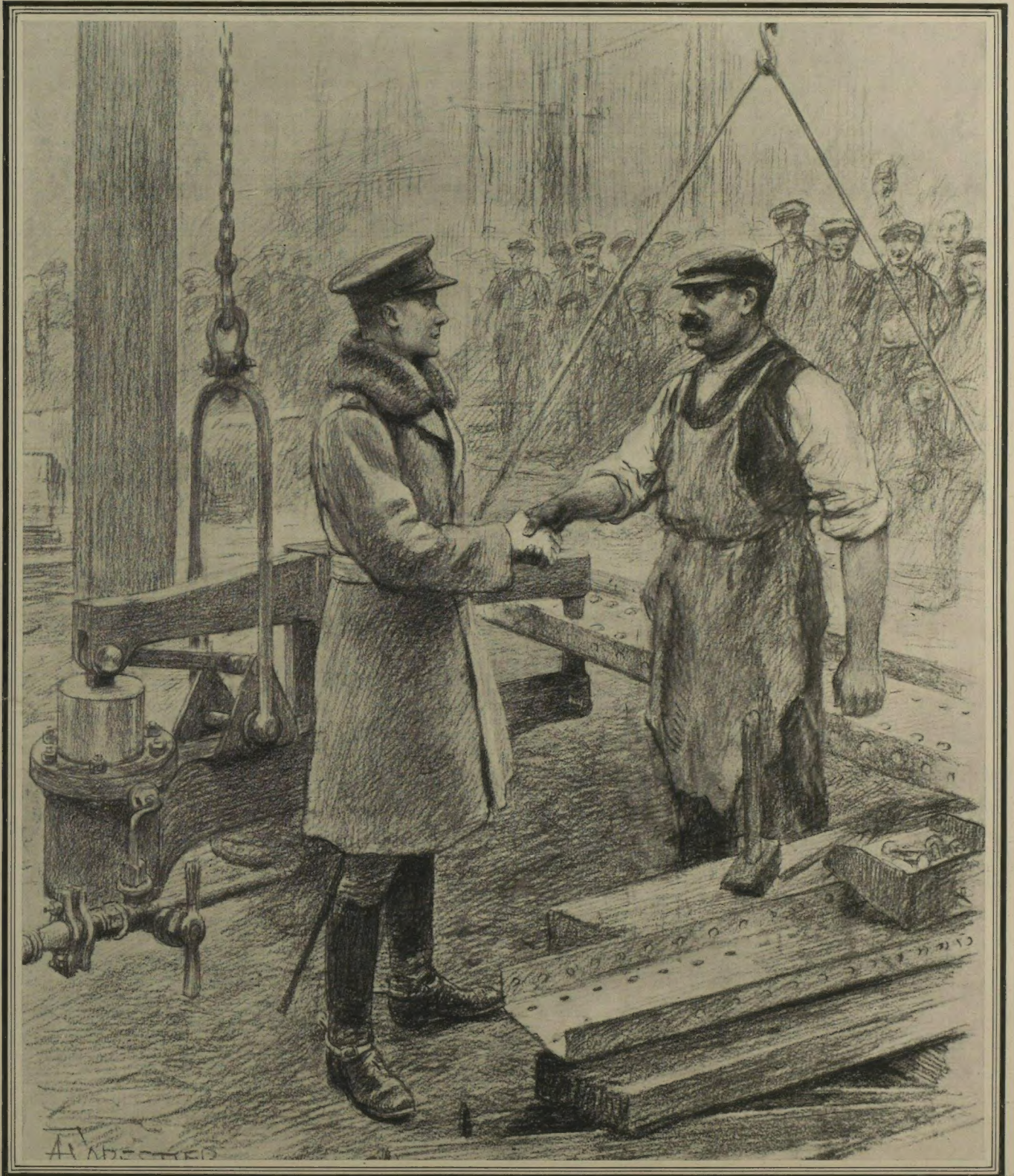
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NINEPENCE.

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"YOU'VE MADE A VERY GOOD JOB OF IT": THE PRINCE OF WALES CONGRATULATED BY A MEMBER OF "THE BLACK SQUAD" ON HIS WORK AS A RIVETER.

Our readers will remember that on the front page of our last issue (for March 9) we gave a photograph of the Prince of Wales operating a pneumatic riveter at one of the shipyards visited during his Clydeside tour, of which we now give a number of drawings made from the sketches of our Special Artist who accompanied him. The work of

driving rivets is by no means easy, and the Prince was congratulated (as shown), by the riveter who instructed him, on his persistence and success. "You've made a very good job of it," said the expert, and added that H.R.H. was qualified to earn the maximum wage. The riveters, who are highly paid men, are known as "the Black Squad."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

THE SITUATION IN MESOPOTAMIA.

By MAJOR W. WHITTALL.

AFTER a lapse of nearly four months without news of movement in Mesopotamia, recent War Office communiqués record the renewal of activity, albeit for the present on a restricted scale. All that the first communiqué in question vouchsafed in the way of information was that our troops on the Euphrates had occupied Khan Abu Rayat, and that our patrols had advanced to within ten miles of Hit. Later communiqués convey that Hit, known to the Arabs as "The Mouth of Hell," has been captured by General Marshall, the Turks retiring to Khan Baghdad.

Apparently insignificant as this movement is, viewed by itself, it nevertheless has a measure of importance by reason of the indications it affords of greater movements possibly to come. Of course, it is utterly unsafe to prophesy the course that operations may take as soon as communications have been brought up to the necessary standard and the weather becomes suitable for the resumption of the campaign against the Turks. Nor would it be right to speculate too closely, save that the Mesopotamian position is such that there are but two alternatives open to the British Commander-in-Chief, and these are as well known to the enemy as they are to ourselves. The one is to continue the advance up the Tigris, with the main Turkish base for the Mesopotamian operations at Mosul as the objective; the other to advance along the line of the Euphrates, with the object of striking ultimately at the enemy's principal base at Aleppo. There is, it is true, a third alternative which might be accepted, which is to sit tight along the line

now held and await eventualities. That, however, may be ruled out of the calculation, for reasons that are sufficiently obvious.

In November last, when Sir Stanley Maude made his dash on the Turkish advanced base at Tekrit, it became a matter of discussion whether it was his intention to have accepted the first of the two alternatives and to push on to Mosul, which is no more than 130 miles above Tekrit. There is not much doubt that, but for the failure of the Russians to co-operate in the campaign along the Persian border, this plan would have been followed. That failure, and the complete disappearance of the Russians from this theatre of war, has entirely altered the problems that have to be grappled with by the British Headquarters Staff in Mesopotamia. Mosul has become of secondary importance, in that it will no longer serve as a point of concentration of powerful Russo-British forces for the conduct of an offensive campaign against the Turks in Asia Minor. It interests us now mainly because it is on the direct line of the Baghdad Railway, being situated at the point where the line turns south to follow the Tigris to Baghdad.

It seems clear that the aim of an offensive campaign here must be collateral with that of General Allenby's in Palestine; and, further, that that aim must be to join hands at the earliest possible moment, in order to undertake a powerful thrust against Aleppo and the main Baghdad line at Muslimie, to the north of Aleppo. If such an operation were successful, Mosul would take care of itself, since the cutting of

the main line east of Muslimie would completely isolate it so far as direct railway communication with the west is concerned. True, the fact that Mosul is the enemy's main base for his work against our Tigris force would necessitate the taking of measures for safeguarding the flank of a force advancing on the line of the Euphrates, which would probably mean a simultaneous advance on the Tigris, though in much smaller force. That, however, is a subsidiary consideration at the moment.

It is abundantly clear from a study of the map that the shortest way for the Mesopotamian force to effect a junction with the troops at present operating in Palestine is by the line of the Euphrates. To pursue such an enterprise as that suggested would, it is true, be a matter of considerable difficulty. Indeed, in any other war but this it would in all probability be scouted as impracticable. But, when we remember what has already been done by our armies in Mesopotamia and Palestine in overcoming difficulties of transport and communications, it would be quite unsafe to leave out of the calculation any promising series of operations merely on the score of seeming difficulty of transport. And, providing these difficulties are no greater than those which have already been surmounted—and they are not—it certainly seems to be the case that the Euphrates alternative is preferable to the older plan of advancing up the Tigris, where we have no longer hope of Russian co-operation at the end, and which is by far the longest way round to a junction with the Palestine force.

ONE OF OUR INDISPENSABLES: THE PADRE.

By E. B. OSBORN.

HE is almost always a Temporary Chaplain (Fourth Class), and nobody seems to take him seriously—least of all himself. Whatever he is, whatever he does, he is invariably described as a person who only works on Sundays. That is one of the fine, old, crusted Army jokes—as well established, indeed, as the familiar wheezes against his frequent stable-companion, the Doctor; such as the practice of insisting that the letters R.A.M.C. stand for "Rob All My Comrades" or "Rob Any Mother's Child." Such little jokes have been a part of military life ever since Roman soldiers nicknamed their Emperor Biberius Nero. Then, again, all the "buzzes" or rumours flying about in a battle-zone are popularly supposed to be evolved from the Padre's inner consciousness. They are called "Padre's rumours," and all his spare time, six days in the seven, is said to be spent in propagating them. Time was when the stock piece of news imputed to him and his kind in the trenches assumed the curious form: "King Ferdinand of Bulgaria has been assassinated and the Squire's daughter foully murdered." All the incredible items set forth in the chanty of "Divisional Rest"—

And when we came up for the third time,
We were told there was something new:
All the cooks in the Battalion
Could cook something else than stew.

And when we came up for the fourth time,
We said, "Strike us pink, gorbimey!"
We were told a Colonial soldier
Had saluted the G.O.C.—

all these terrific tarradiddles are said to be invented by the nearest Padre in the hopes of "instilling himself" (a lance-jack's *mot juste*) into the confidences of the men. Then the fact that the Chaplain is always called the "Chaplin" by his cinema-frequenting flock is a sly hit at his undrilled style of sauntering around.

In spite of these jests, and perhaps because of them, the Padre is liked and respected by everybody. He has played the man from first to last, and won many honours without going out of his vocation to seek them. So that on one occasion, when he said good-bye to a few of his men lined up on a railway platform in Flanders, it was natural they should start the familiar one-verse song sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle"—

I like a man as is a man,
A bloke as isn't funky;
I like a man who's like a man,
An' not a bloomin' monkey.

Only it was not "bloomin'" in their rendering: some access of inward emotion brought in the purple epithet about which Mr. Bernard Shaw once wrote a play. Many a Padre, who is now a heap of dust in the dust of a far land, will never be forgotten by the men he served so faithfully. Maurice Peel, for example, who was "Maurice" to the whole of an army, both men and officers, will live on in remembrance as one of the soldier saints of a new age of chivalry. And it is not necessary for a Chaplain to "go over the top" with his men, as Maurice Peel did, to convince soldiers that he is a man as well as a

clergyman. Some Padres think that more of the work of consolation can be done if they stay behind at some place where wounded and dying men are received—where there should be somebody whose whole time can be devoted to opening the gates of glory with "comfortable words," to receiving last messages, to taking down the *testamentum militare*, or soldier's brief and unwitnessed settlement of his earthly affairs. It is only, perhaps, during and after action that the Padre feels himself really and truly part of the order of things in a battle-zone. At other times he is apt to be vexed by a suspicion that he is not quite in touch with the grim realities of Army life. His services are often neglected, and even at Church Parade the men seem at times dolefully disinterested. A certain C.O. noticing how slack the singing was at a drum-head service, blamed the Padre for not talking sharply to the men: "You should make 'em do their duty," he said; "and say to 'em, sharply, 'Now, men, wake up and sing like the Devil—sing like 'he Devil, do you hear?'". The advice was not taken; if it had been the men's sense of humour would have been surely touched, and the hymns would have gone like route-songs at the beginning of a march back to billets on a fine gay morning. As for his efforts to mitigate the "organised boredom" of modern warfare by getting up games and other diversions, the Padre neither gets nor expects gratitude. But in those side-issues, as in more momentous matters, he has done so well as to be accepted everywhere on our several fronts as one of the indispensables who could never be dispensed with.

NEW AND DAINY WAR-TIME LUXURY DISHES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT.

NOW that all foods which come under the heading of "luxuries" must of necessity be materially diminished, in order that tonnage may be saved, and labour and land utilised to the utmost for the production of such as is of vital importance, those who desire to vary the daily bill of fare with a few little "extras" must largely rely on their own resourcefulness and love of experiment. But such ventures must be confined to items obtainable within our own borders. Incidentally, in thus breaking new ground in the attempt to discover new foods, real service will be rendered to the community at large, which is ever fearful of experiments—especially with food. Many, however, who would be averse to pioneer ventures will, probably, willingly follow where others have led, if only they knew where to begin.

Let us start, then, with what in the cookery-books comes under the broad heading of "Shell-fish." Dwellers inland should make trial of the fresh-water mussel and the crayfish. Both are eaten in France, where the art of cooking is really understood. The crayfish might be put to better use than as a mere "garnish." Those who live by the sea have a much wider choice, though of all our numerous species of marine shell-fish but six are commonly eaten. We might add to these, at least, the limpet, the cuttle-fish, and the octopus. The first were eaten by our forebears of the Stone Age in enormous numbers, as their "kitchen-middens" bear witness; while both the octopus and the cuttle-fish are eaten with relish in France, Italy, and Spain.

Our supplies of crabs and lobsters must of necessity be limited now; but we might well make trial of the shore-crab, which can be gathered at low tide by all who will. Fifty years ago great numbers were sold in the London markets. On the shores of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic this species is regarded as a delicacy, particularly in the soft-shelled state, after moulting. Shrimps are supposed to be obtainable only from the sea; but, as a matter of fact, large numbers may be taken from the larger brackish-water ditches bordering marshes along the coast. All these are not merely "edible"; they are capable of being made into delicious meats; and it is a pity that so much potential food should be eyed askance merely out of prejudice. Experiment should also be made of the roes of sea-urchins, for these are highly prized in Italy.

Only unreasoning prejudice, again, can account for the fact that, while sea-snails like whelks and periwinkles are eaten with real enjoyment, our land-snails are left severely alone by most of us, though they are eaten with relish in the North of England. Our largest species, the "edible snail" (*Helix pomatia*), was regarded by the Romans during their occupation of Great Britain as a great luxury, and was sedulously "farmed." On the Continent it is still held in high regard, as it deserves to be. Our common garden snail is eaten as a relish by working people in the neighbourhood of Pontefract and Knottingley. The beautiful yellow-banded snail, common in our hedges, was eagerly eaten by the Romans, and before them by the men of the Stone Age, in these islands. Most of us

have probably eaten snails unconsciously, for it is said they are much employed in the manufacture of cream. I am told of a milkman, now retired, who declared them to furnish the most successful imitation known.

Our Allies the French are people of great discernment. Therefore they eat the legs of frogs. The species generally used is the large "edible" frog, which is to be found fairly commonly in Cambridgeshire and Norfolk, while it has of late years been introduced into West Surrey and Hampshire. Yet nowhere in this country do they seem to be eaten. We might well make the experiment now, for they furnish most delicate and nutritious food. And the same may be said for the common frog.

While the hare and the rabbit are universally esteemed among us, the nearly related squirrel is never, I think, eaten by us. It should prove quite as good a dish. The water-vole should prove equally toothsome, but it need go in no fear of its life, since, owing to its close likeness to the rat, few people would have the courage to make trial of its flesh. The hedgehog, again, would furnish dainty meat, yet none but gypsies will eat it.

Finally, trial at least should be made of the flesh of the otter and the seal. Those who hunt otters so assiduously should show the way. I venture to think its flesh would be found exceedingly good. The late Captain Scott, in his memorable book, the "Voyage of the *Discovery*," tells us that seal-flesh has a distinctive flavour in a similar degree to beef and mutton, but it cannot be called fishy.

THE DEAD IRISH LEADER: AT THE FUNERAL OF MR. JOHN REDMOND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDYK, BALDWIN, ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, AND FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO.



AT NIGHT IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: THE REMAINS OF MR. REDMOND LAID BEFORE THE ALTAR.



DURING THE REQUIEM MASS IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: WHILE THE CELEBRATION WAS TAKING PLACE.



AT THE CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AT WEXFORD: MRS. REDMOND LEAVING.



WREATHS THAT WERE LAID ON THE GRAVE: AMONG THE CROWD IN WEXFORD CEMETERY AFTER THE INTERMENT.



AFTER THE LOWERING OF THE COFFIN: CAPTAIN JOHN REDMOND, D.S.O.



IN THE STREETS OF WEXFORD: THE DRAPED MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MR. JOHN REDMOND'S GRANDFATHER.



ACCORDING TO OLD IRISH USAGE: THE HEARSE; WITH ATTENDANTS WITH WHITE SASHES AND HAT-BANDS, AND IN IRISH FUNERAL COSTUME.

The remains of the late Leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, Mr. John Redmond, who died in London on March 6, after an operation, rested on the following night in Westminster Cathedral, where next morning a Requiem Mass was celebrated. Thence the body was conveyed to Ireland and laid to rest in the ancient graveyard at Wexford, where many of the late Irish leader's ancestors lie buried. An immense gathering followed the funeral procession, the coffin being covered with the same green flag that, twenty-seven years before, had formed the pall of Parnell's coffin. Mrs. Redmond; her son, Capt. Redmond, of the

Irish Guards; her daughter, Mrs. William Redmond; and several Nationalist M.P.'s accompanied the remains. At Wexford, the band and a detachment of the Royal Irish Regiment headed the procession of 30,000 people, all wearing black-and-white tokens. Among those following were Mr. Duke, Chief Secretary for Ireland, who was with Capt. Redmond immediately behind the coffin; delegates of the Irish Convention; Sir Bryan Mahon, Commander-in-Chief in Ireland; and Mr. John Dillon. The first part of the funeral service took place in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Wexford.

BIRDS IN PLACE OF WIRELESS: THE SEAPLANE PIGEON-SERVICE.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



A MESSENGER FROM A HEROIC FIGHT: THE PIGEON THAT BROUGHT THE FORLORN-HOPE CALL FROM SKIPPER CRISP, V.C.



THE SAVIOUR OF FOUR R.N. AIRMEN: A PIGEON WHICH DIED ON DELIVERING ITS MESSAGE: INSET—A MESSAGE-CONTAINER AS ATTACHED.



HOW A PIGEON-MESSENGER IS STARTED OFF ON ITS FLIGHT: AN R.N.A.S. PILOT TOSSING THE BIRD FROM HIS SEAT.



DESPATCHING A PIGEON FROM A SEAPLANE ON THE SURFACE IN SMOOTH WATER: LETTING THE BIRD FLY.



ARRIVING AT A HOME LOFT WITH A MESSAGE: ALIGHTING ON THE OUTER PLATFORM—THE BIRD'S WEIGHT RINGING A BELL.



ON ENTERING THE LOFT FROM THE PLATFORM, OR OUTSIDE ALIGHTING SHELF: STEPPING INSIDE OFF THE SOUNDING-BOARD.

The forlorn-hope messenger that the heroic Skipper T. Crisp, R.N.R., of the aptly named smack "Nelson," had sent off as his vessel was sinking in fight with a U-boat, is shown in the first illustration. Crisp was mortally wounded and dying, and the hastily scribbled message sent by the pigeon ran: "'Nelson' being attacked by submarine—Skipper killed—send assistance at once." The King awarded Crisp, posthumously, the V.C. The pigeon shown in the second illustration saved the lives of four airmen who had come down in a stormy sea. The bird battled against the furious gale and got home, but

died immediately from exhaustion. In the inset is seen the aluminium container in which a message is carried. It is the length of a fountain-pen top, but only half the diameter, and is clipped to the bird's leg. Every seaplane carries two birds, to send duplicate emergency messages; and many lives have been saved by them. They replace wireless in small vessels, and in some seaplanes. As seen in the fifth and sixth illustrations, each returned pigeon alights at the loft on a platform with an attachment that rings a bell, through the pressure of the bird, to bring an attendant for the message.

SOLDIER AND HERO: THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR GENERAL MAUDE.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



IN THE CITADEL, BAGHDAD, DURING THE HOLDING OF THE MESOPOTAMIA ARMY'S MEMORIAL SERVICE:
TROOPS IN HOLLOW SQUARE.



THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR GENERAL MAUDE: MESOPOTAMIA ARMY CHAPLAINS ON THE FLAG-COVERED DAIS.
INSET—GENERAL MARSHALL, THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

"On Sunday morning (November 25, 1917)," describes Mr. E. Candler, war correspondent in Mesopotamia, "a memorial service for General Maude was held in the Citadel, Baghdad. He lies buried in the very centre of the British cemetery to the north of the city, and near the old Turkish cavalry barracks. A wooden cross marks his grave, and a heap of wreaths, chrysanthemums and marigolds, were strewn over the grassless mould of the desert. . . . The nearest graves to his own are of privates of the division which he used

to command." General Maude died of cholera, the victim of his own good-hearted courtesy. While visiting a plague-stricken area at the invitation of its inhabitants he accepted the hospitality they offered him rather than hurt their feelings by refusing, although well aware of the risk he ran. He had forbidden his Staff to touch food or drink there. "There was cholera in the cup," said Mr. Lloyd George, who first revealed the facts in Parliament, "and he died in a few days."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE lately learned, with a sorrow not unmingled with entertainment, that I am a victim and exponent of a very horrible thing called Hate; and that I am, in consequence, only "the most magnificent of all back numbers." I think it right, at least in passing, to acknowledge the remark in this place—first, because it is apparently an answer to a criticism which I wrote here; second, because it is

sank their last hospital-ship more gently than their first merchant vessel or liner? Have they treated Russia in the end any better than they treated Serbia in the beginning, and was not their last proceeding at Lille of a piece with their first proceeding at Liège? Is it that the Germans have grown magnanimous and idealistic, or even perceptibly more magnanimous and idealistic? Or is it that we have grown dull, that we have grown cynical, that we care less about a crime when it has become a habit, that we care less about a murder when it is big enough to be a massacre? Is it that we have grown more gross in our sense of honour, more careless in our response to compassion, more base in our conception of the soldier, more cold about the rights of the citizen—in a word, that we have grown more German? Anyhow, that is the real riddle of the change—have our enemies grown better, or have we grown worse?

Now I shall try to say something about "The Wayfarer's" suggestion of Hate, and the high and low and very opposite things that are grouped under that name. But let me say, first, that if this conjecture about the mere effect of time and custom be true, I think

even the lower form is higher. If hate has been overcome by habit, I think that habit more horrible than any hate in the world. I think the craftiest vendetta of a Corsican conspirator something infinitely more worthy of the dignity and memory of a man. Nevertheless, "The Wayfarer" may be surprised to hear that I am not a Corsican conspirator. I do not admit that my sentiment is a personal and poisonous hate—indeed, I do not admit that it is hate at all, in the connotation he presumably intends. What is really to be condemned as hate might be more clearly condemned as spite. And I would submit modestly, but very seriously, that the philosophy which classes all hate as spite is exactly like the philosophy that classes all love as lust. It is deliberately narrowing observation to the more sordid and selfish form of a thing; and, by never seeing it in its real purity, never follows it in its real purpose. Now the purpose of the higher hatred, or whatever you choose to call it, is to ensure a violent reaction as a result of what is wrong that shall drastically distinguish it from the results of what is right. What we want, and what we are quite right to want, is something that shall convince the enemy of right that he has, to put it at the mildest, made a horrible mistake. Anybody who likes may call it revenge; but the right name of it is expiation. To sum up all that need be said here in analysis of the abstract matter, I need

only use the words which the distinguished critic of the *Nation* himself employs. He says that I do not want the typical Prussian to "become liberal, moderate, and sensible," but that I only want him to be "down in the dust."

Now the answer is, simply and shortly, this—that, if the typical Prussian did become liberal, moderate, and sensible, he would be down in the dust. He would feel he was there if he really appreciated what he had done. But that is not what the friends of reconciliation mean. They mean that the Prussian shall become liberal, moderate, and sensible, without it even beginning to dawn upon him that he has been illiberal, immoderate, and insane. He is now to make peace, and feel only a shade more innocent than when he made war. He is to maintain that he was virtuous when he sank hospital-ships; but is now so superlatively and superfluously virtuous as to leave off sinking them. He is to repeat that it was good to tear up scraps of paper; and merely add that it is better, and yet more worthy of his beautiful character, to be ready to sign new ones. He is to insist that justice made him butcher poor fishermen; but that mercy now makes him spare them. It means, that is to say, that he is to wear the white flower of a blameless life on the top of his tiara of bloody laurels; that he is to add a spire of self-righteousness to his tower of unrighteousness; that he is to complete his military and imperial and territorial pride with that spiritual pride which is the last insult to God.

As to the practical question of whether such vindication, if justifiable, is attainable, I can only meet the *Nation's* assertion that no nation can now attain such a thing with a flat contradiction. We cannot attain it if we behave in the manner of the Bolsheviks; we cannot attain it if we behave in the manner of the *Nation*. We cannot attain it if we throw away our arms, that Prussia may more pitilessly use her own; or if we only make peace that she may more furiously make war. But, if we use our resources



CHARTERHOUSE BOYS ON SALVAGE WORK DURING THE FIRE: BRINGING OUT BEDDING FROM THEIR CUBICLES.

Fire broke out at Charterhouse School, Godalming, about 8 a.m. on March 8, and did damage to two boarding houses, Verites and Townboys. Most of the roof of the main frontage fell in, and the two upper floors, containing 65 cubicles, were gutted. The boys, who had left for morning chapel when the fire began, helped eagerly in salvage work. There was happily no loss of life, or personal injury.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

made in a very friendly fashion by "The Wayfarer" in the *Nation*, the ablest living representative of a certain attitude towards peace and war—the attitude which sees the time as now ripe for a partial reconciliation with the enemy; and thirdly, because I think that attitude means moral and intellectual suicide not only for me, but for him.

Now it is quite true, in a special sense, that I am a Back Number. I am a Back Number of the *Nation*. Nearly all that I say could be found in the back files of the *Nation*, for a considerable time after the first shock of the invasion of Belgium. I believe that remarks containing the same precise proportion of Hate could be found there over my own signature. I believe they could be found there, also with the same proportion of Hate, over Mr. Massingham's signature. I believe they might have appeared over almost any living Englishman's signature when the Prussian onslaught on civilisation was fresh, and it was felt as what it really was. If this was Hate, every man of us hated; if Hate is wrong, every living soul among us was wrong. I am only too well aware that Mr. Massingham and many other men have in this respect changed. But before I am myself bowed to the earth with shame for having remained of the same opinion for some months on end, I should like to inquire why they have changed. That is the only serious moral question, and it is a very terrible question. For there are only two real reasons possible—either it is because what we hated has grown less hateful, or it is because we have grown less able to hate what is hateful. Is it the former, and does anybody reasonably maintain that it is? Is it because of some great spiritual transformation we have been privileged to watch, and purified by contemplating? Is it because of the tenderness and courtesy with which the Germans are now treating small nations? Is it because of the high and historic loyalty with which they are now observing the old conventions of Christendom? Is it merely that they are now bombing the marbles of Venice with more delicate and artistic discrimination than they showed in shelling the stones of Rheims? Is it only that they

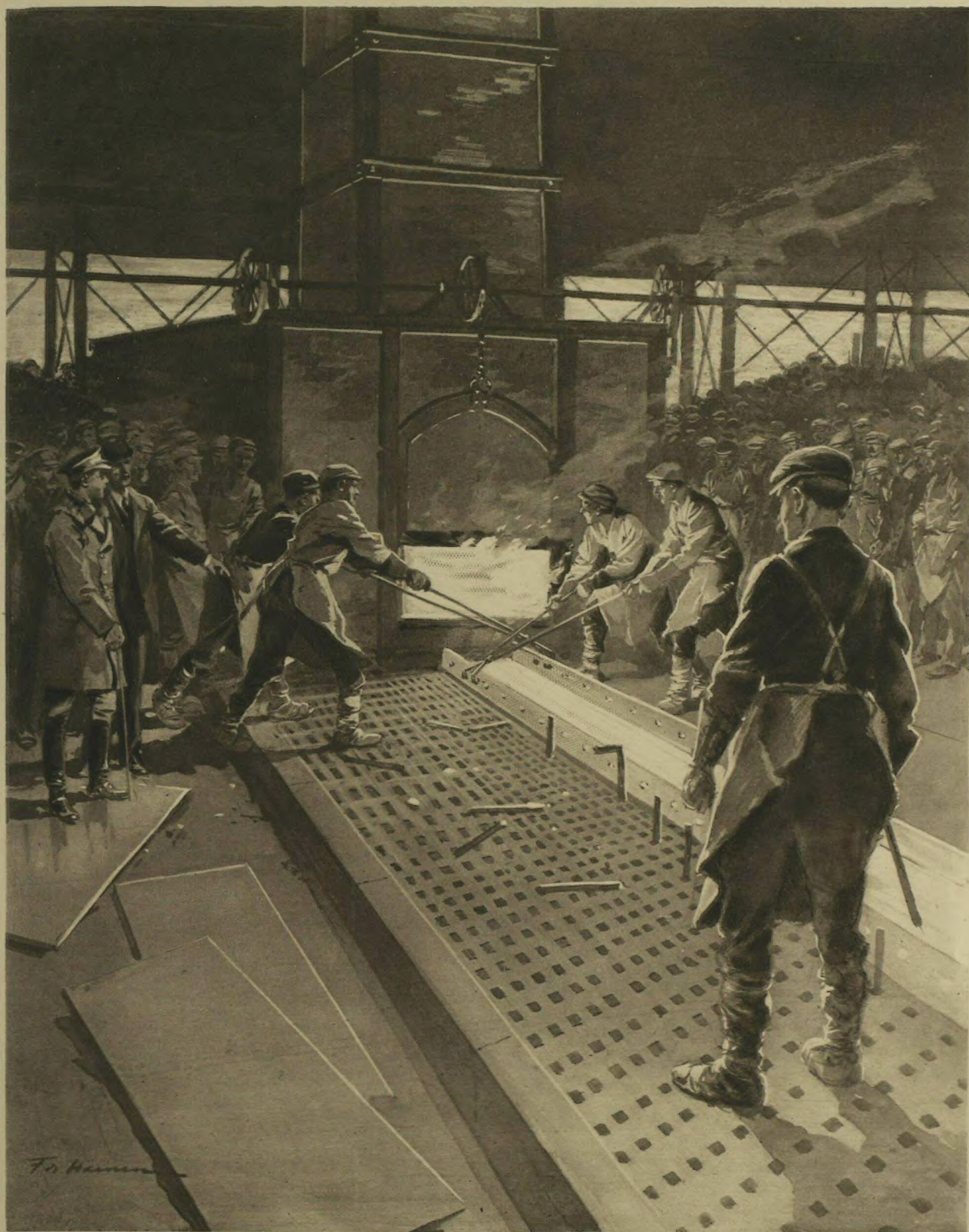


THE FIRE AT CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL: STILL SMOULDERING WHERE PART OF THE ROOF FELL IN.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

to the last, we have as strong a chance of military victory as is possible in military affairs. And military victory could impose justice on Germany exactly as Germany imposed injustice on Belgium. It could be imposed exactly as disarmament was imposed on the Highland clans, or negro emancipation on the Southern States, or abdication on Napoleon. And I apologise to the loyal Gaels and the gallant Southern gentry and the great hero of the French Revolution for comparing them to the cold and unclean cruelty which, it is suggested, should survive them all.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP: THE PRINCE OF WALES A SPECTATOR.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



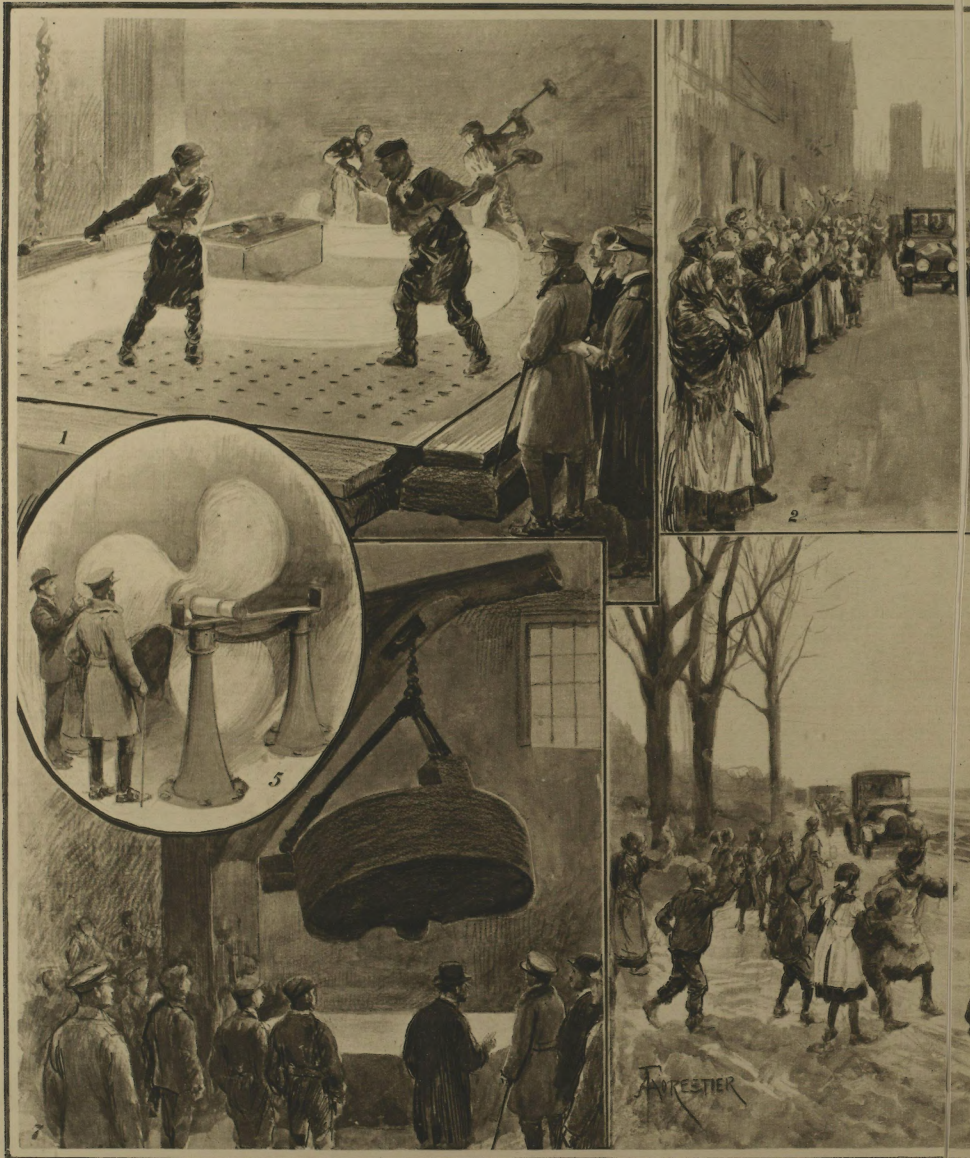
THE PRINCE OF WALES AMONG THE CLYDE SHIPBUILDERS: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS (ON THE EXTREME LEFT) WATCHES THE BENDING OF A FRAME FOR A LARGE VESSEL.

The sketch for this drawing was made by our Special Artist, who accompanied the Prince of Wales on his recent tour through the Clyde shipbuilding district, at a shipyard devoted to constructing standard and other cargo vessels, meat-carriers, and oil-tanks. The process illustrated is that of bending a metal frame of a large ship. The glowing, red-hot frame, laid along a floor of perforated steel, is being guided into position by men wielding pincer-

like implements long enough to keep them not too close to the intense heat. The Prince is seen standing on the left, with the manager of the yard, who is explaining to his Royal Highness the nature of the operation. The Prince was greatly interested in this and all the other details of modern shipbuilding which he saw at this and many other establishments during his tour.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE PRINCE OF WALES AMONG THE SHIPBUILDERS

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



1. AT AN ENGINE AND BOILER-MAKING WORKS: THE PRINCE WATCHING MEN HAND-FLAMING A RED-HOT BOILER-END ON A PERFORATED STEEL FLOOR.

2. ON THE WAY FROM GREENOCK: CHEERING THE PRINCE'S CAR.

3. A TYPE OF MANY TO WHOM THE PRINCE TALKED: A CLYDE WORKMAN.

4. INTERESTED IN THE MAKING OF ENGINES AND BOILERS: THE PRINCE SEES A BOILER-END BROUGHT OUT OF A FURNACE.

5. MADE TO REVOLVE FOR THE PRINCE'S INSPECTION: A BRASS PROPELLER FOR A NEW VESSEL IN A CLYDE SHIPYARD.

The Prince of Wales made a brilliant success of his three days' tour, on March 4, 5, and 6, among the shipbuilding districts of the Clyde around Glasgow. He received everywhere the heartiest of welcomes, both from the employees (men and women) at the numerous works and shipyards which he visited, and also from the people in the streets as he travelled in his car from place to place. He took a close interest in all the wonderful mechanical operations which he saw in progress, and often stopped to have a few words with the men or the girl-workers about the details of their particular task. His pleasant and unassuming manner won him great popularity wherever he went. On the last day of his tour he visited the royal and ancient borough of Renfrew, of which he is the twenty-eighth Baron. In his reply to the municipal address he said: "Mr. Provost and Gentlemen—The pleasure with

OF THE CLYDE: INCIDENTS OF THE ROYAL TOUR.

ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



6. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND A GIRL EMPLOYEE IN A CLYDE-SIDE WORKS: A CHAT ABOUT HER DUTIES.

7. WHERE ENGINES AND MARINE BOILERS ARE MADE: THE PRINCE WATCHING A HEAVY CRANE OPERATION.

8. THE CHILDREN'S WELCOME: LITTLE GIRLS THROWING SNOWDROPS INTO THE PRINCE'S CAR, AS HE DROVE FROM ONE PLACE TO ANOTHER.

9. AT A TOWN FROM WHICH THE PRINCE TAKES ONE OF HIS TITLES: THE CIVIC RECEPTION AT RENFREW—PRESENTATIONS AFTER THE ADDRESS.

which I visit Renfrew is greatly enhanced by the kind words of your address and by the cordiality of my reception. It is especially gratifying to me that during a short period of leave I am able to visit the ancient and Royal burgh of Renfrew, from which I take one of my oldest titles, and one which I am proud to bear." Finally, on leaving Glasgow for London, the Prince said to the Lord Provost: "I should be glad if you would convey my thanks to the people, and tell them how much I appreciate the welcome they have given me, and the splendid efforts they are making. I have been deeply impressed by the scenes I have witnessed. The memory of my first tour of Clydeside will always be a pleasant one. I have enjoyed the visit immensely."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SURGICAL WORK AT A CLYDE SHIPYARD: THE PRINCE'S INSPECTION.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



THE PRINCE OF WALES INTERESTED IN THE MAKING OF ARTIFICIAL LIMBS FOR DISABLED SAILORS AND SOLDIERS:
A WAR-CHARITY DEPARTMENT OF A CLYDE SHIPYARD AND ENGINE WORKS.

At one of the many shipbuilding yards and engineering works which he visited during his industrial tour on the Clyde—the yard of Messrs. Yarrow—the Prince of Wales was much interested in a department not usually to be found at such establishments. It was one devoted to the making of artificial limbs, for the benefit of maimed men at the Princess Louise Scottish Hospital for Limbless Sailors and Soldiers. As the demand for such articles exceeded the supply, Messrs. Yarrow, in order to help in the emergency, undertook their

manufacture at cost price and without profit, and they have been assisted in this patriotic work by other firms on the Clyde. In our illustration the Prince is seen examining an artificial leg on view in a case. The science of making artificial limbs has now reached such perfection that they restore in great measure the physical powers which their wearers had lost, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that they replace the physical powers by mechanical means.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ROYAL INTEREST IN MARINE ENGINEERING: THE PRINCE ON THE CLYDE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT A MARINE ENGINE BUILDING WORKS ON THE CLYDE: WATCHING THE OPERATION OF A HUGE STEAM-HAMMER.

During his tour of inspection among the shipyards of the Clyde, the Prince of Wales obtained a thorough insight into the making of all kinds of marine engines and their accessories. In the establishment at which he is shown in the above drawing, he saw the process of building engines for new standard ships, and spent a considerable time in watching the work in progress. He was especially interested in the impressive sight of a glowing block of metal being wrought into shape beneath the pressure of an enormous steam-hammer.

In our illustration he is seen in the background between the steam-hammer and the operator on the right, who is holding the block of metal in place with long pincers or tongs. The Prince also watched hydraulic riveters at work, an operation that is accompanied by deafening noise. As shown in a photograph on the front page of our last issue (for March 9), the Prince himself at one establishment manipulated a pneumatic riveting machine.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE WORLD OF FLIGHT.

ON DOCTORING THE AIR FORCE.

By C. G. GREY,
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

MUCH has been written of late, and much has been spoken in the House of Commons and elsewhere, about the Air Force Medical Service, a section of the new Air Force to which will be committed the task of caring for the health of our aviators and of studying their curious ailments. There is at present some dissatisfaction in certain directions because, for the time being, the Chief of the Navy's doctors and the Chief of the Royal Army Medical Corps are to sit on the Air Force Medical Board, and more or less decide on its actions. The objectors argue that the Air Force should have its own medical service, which it would conduct in its own way, without saying "By your leave" or "Thank you" to anyone.

Apparently the reason for not making the Air Force Medical Service entirely independent straight away is that the nucleus of the new force of doctors must be drawn from the Navy and Army; and as the choice and appointment of those doctors, and the giving of permission to them to leave the Senior Services, is so much a matter for the Senior Services to decide, the new Service cannot be made independent as yet.

Also, some of the doctors drafted to the Air Force may not be satisfactory at their new work. Hence it is necessary merely to attach most of the doctors to the Air Force, instead of appointing them to permanent Air Force commissions, so that if they are not satisfactory, they may return to their old jobs, and not be set adrift on a cold world when it is necessary to get rid of them.

A doctor may be quite good at doctoring soldiers and sailors, and yet not good at looking after aviators. One does not for a moment imply that what is not good enough for an aviator is good enough for a soldier or sailor. Far from it. But aviators suffer from peculiar ailments from which men on the ground or the sea do not suffer. Apart from wounds and shell-shock, a soldier's illnesses are those of the ordinary civilian, and a sailor is, apparently, hardly ever ill at all; whereas an aviator has to reckon with the effects of rarefied air and reduced atmospheric pressure at high altitudes.

Also, an aviator's nerves require more careful watching than do those of a soldier, especially if he has to pilot the aeroplane and is not merely an observer. If an infantryman's nerve begins to give way from overwork, or continual hammering, he is, at any rate, sustained in the shock of action by the immediate proximity of his fellows; and if he is an officer, he is sustained by his duty as the leader of his men. An aviator, on the other hand, is very much alone, and has to rely very much more on himself for sustentation in the moment of danger.

If an infantryman's nerve breaks altogether, he is already on the ground; and, so long as he does not actually run away during an action, he is in no more danger than any of his fellows. If an aviator's nerve breaks while he is in the air, he may lose his head entirely, and end by smashing himself and his machine, and possibly an excellent and highly trained observer as well.

Furthermore, it seems that the constant strain of having to rely so very much on his own skill and judgment does actually wear out an aviator's nerve sooner than if he were fighting on the ground in company with his fellows. And this strain on the nerves seems to be definitely affected by the extreme variations of temperature, air density, and pressure, to which an aviator is subjected.

Up to a height of a few thousand feet the purity of the air, free as it is from dirt and dust, has a distinctly exhilarating effect; but at great heights, say, from 15,000 feet up to 20,000—at which the modern

aviator frequently has to fly—the amount of oxygen in the air is so reduced that an hour or so spent between those heights has a decidedly debilitating effect. Continual flying day after day at great altitudes does certainly sap the vitality and cause definite damage to the internal economy of the aviator.



KING ALEXANDER OF GREECE ON THE BRITISH FRONT
IN THE BALKANS: WATCHING AEROPLANES FLY PAST.
Official Photograph.

Many people may think that a doctor at an air station has practically nothing to do except set broken limbs and bandage wounds caused in aeroplane

the enemy's lines—and the number of wounded is comparatively small. Thus one might easily be led to believe that the Air Force doctor will have a comparatively easy job.

As a matter of fact, if the Air Force Medical Service is to justify its existence, it will have to work harder and more intelligently than any other medical service, for its duties will be chiefly to prevent casualties, rather than to cure the results. Just as the R.A.M.C. have stamped out enteric and cholera, and other diseases in the Army, by taking steps beforehand, so the Air Force doctors will have to study to prevent casualties, either from accidents or from enemy action.

The majority of accidents in training occur through what is usually set down as "an error of judgment." This simply means that either in getting off the ground, or in manoeuvring near the ground, or in the process of landing, a pilot does the wrong thing and crashes his machine, possibly with fatal results to himself and his passenger.

In some cases these errors are due simply to pure stupidity, and after all, stupidity is only a modified form of imbecility. Therefore, it is largely the doctor's job to discover whether certain people under his care are so stupid as to be dangerous in an aeroplane.

In other cases errors are due to slowness in the lines of communication between the pilot's eye and his brain, and between his brain and his hands or feet, while controlling his machine. He knows what he ought to do, but the reflex action of his nerves is not quick enough to do it, so he also crashes his machine. Again, it is obviously the doctor's job to find out whether these reflexes are too slow, for, if they are, they may be evidence of actual disease, and are, in any case, evidence of physical disability.

In yet other cases a pilot may "get rattled," as the Americans say, at the critical moment, and do precisely the wrong thing. Either his nerves may have gone wrong through overwork, or overstrain, or dissipation, or they may be constitutionally unable to stand the strain of flying. Evidently it is for a specially trained doctor, even a specialist in neurology, to decide whether an aviator's nerves are fit for his work, and whether his nerve trouble is curable or incurable.

Accidents, fatal or otherwise, may be caused by a slight affection of the nerves long before a man reaches the stage of being afraid to fly. If those nerve troubles are perceived in time by a clever doctor, the man may be cured and continue to fly safely for years. If they are neglected they may lead to a complete nervous breakdown, or to dipsomania, and in any case they mean a crash sooner or later.

In the case of the fighting pilot or his gunner-observer, neglect of the points mentioned means, ultimately, loss of life in an air fight, owing to slowness of muscular action, bad judgment, loss of nerve, or "getting rattled," on the part of either of them. In the case of an artillery observer, slowness or shakiness may mean failing to make good in directing a shoot against a dangerous enemy battery, and so may mean heavy losses to his own people on the ground.

Thus one perceives that the Air Force doctor, besides being an ordinarily good physician and surgeon, should be a neurologist, an ophthalmist, a first-class all-round physiologist, and a good deal of a psychologist as well. In fact, he has to study the state of the soul and of the mind of an aviator, in order to prevent casualties, far more than he has to study his body in order to cure him.



THE PRINCE OF WALES ON CLYDESIDE: INSPECTING THE STEERING GEAR OF AN AEROPLANE.
Photograph by Topical.

accidents. Some doctors who have been sent to training aerodromes have said that such was the case, and have complained that they have not enough work to justify their existence, because, owing to the general improvement effected by modern methods of training aviators accidents are now comparatively rare in proportion to the enormous number of men who are learning to fly.

Even at the Front, though the R.F.C. casualty list is high, the R.F.C. doctors have not so much to do as have those attached to the infantry; for a glance at the Casualty List will show that the greater number of the casualties are killed or missing—nearly all these being brought down behind

"SWEEPING ROUND" IN THE NORTH SEA: GRAND FLEET LIGHT CRUISERS.

DRAWN BY ALBERT SÉBILLE FROM NOTES BY RAYMOND LESTONNAT.



CLEARING OUT FROM HARBOUR AT TOP SPEED AND PREPARING SHIP FOR BATTLE AS THEY SET OFF:
ONE OF OUR SCOUTING SQUADRONS IN LINE AHEAD.

One of the Light Cruiser squadrons of the Grand Fleet is seen in the above illustration in the act of leaving harbour for patrol duty in the North Sea, tours of service that sometimes include scouting sweeps round along the outskirts of the German mine-fields in the direction of Heligoland; and occasionally, no doubt, some shooting takes place about which nothing is said in the public Press. Of high speed, magnificent boats, seaworthy in all weathers, well gunned, our light cruisers have proved ideal craft for

the work. The doings of some of the Light Cruiser squadrons of the Grand Fleet are often as mysterious as was intended to be the answer which a certain foreign frigate captain of old gave once to a British frigate captain, on the eve of a war breaking out. The latter ranged up his ship alongside the doubtful strange ship, and with his speaking trumpet challenged the foreign captain. "I have come to sea and I go to sea—that is all I have to say," came the answer.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A GRAND FLEET SQUADRON AT ANCHOR: BATTLE-SHIPS AND BATTLE-CRUISERS READY TO SLIP CABLES ON EMERGENCY.

DRAWN BY ALBERT SELLER FROM NOTES BY RAYMOND LESTONNAT.



KEPT IN TRIM NIGHT AND DAY TO PUT TO SEA. ALL PREPARED TO CLEAR FOR ACTION AT SHORT NOTICE: A HARBOUR GLIMPSE OF INCESSANT NAVAL ACTIVITY.

This drawing of ships of the Grand Fleet—or one of its many squadrons—was made by the French artist named above from notes by a compatriot who paid a special visit to the Fleet. The great vessel seen in the left, known to the reader, is, as described, a battle-cruiser of up-to-date type. Battle-ships of both the super-Dreadnought and the Dreadnought types appear in the picture, as well as others of the pre-Dreadnought period, vessels that, in their day, only twelve or thirteen years ago, were the most formidable fighting craft on the sea, and the pride of our then "Home Fleet." They are good, useful battle-ships for the second line still. They are largely grouped in secondary, or support,

squadrons, and should be well capable of proving "tough customers" for the bulk of the German pre-Dreadnought High Sea ships, if not, indeed, for certain of the earlier German Dreadnoughts whose weak points and shortcomings every captain of the Grand Fleet is well aware of. The bustling scene of harbour activity will be observed at first glance. Ships' boats, pilot-boats, provision-vessels, tugs, and other small craft are to be seen busily passing to and fro between, and among the larger vessels. In the background, this will be noted as observation-balloons, on sentry duty watching seaward, and against the creeping in of enemy submarines. (Drawing furnished to the United States and Canada.)

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

POWER FROM LIGHT.

WHEN one door shuts, another opens; and a new source of power would undoubtedly be one way out of the social and financial embarrassments heaping up, not only for ourselves, but for the whole world, as one of the consequences of the present war. Such a way would be strictly in accordance with precedent, for it was undoubtedly the great development of steam as a means of locomotion in the 'forties of last century which enabled Europe to escape from the situation created by the Napoleonic wars; and air transit, with the immense saving of time in the transportation of light materials that its general adoption would bring about, may before long be doing the same for us. Yet air-transit at present depends on the supply of petrol, which is not inexhaustible, and may

price was said to work out at 3 centimes per horsepower per hour, against 10 for a steam-engine driven by coal costing 3.4 francs per kilogramme; but there was either something wrong with the calculations—facts and figures being, as some cynic said, the only things to be thoroughly mistrusted—or we should all be using this source of power at the present moment. Nor was a subsequent attempt to evaporate large artificial lakes on the shores of the Mediterranean—if my memory serves me rightly—more successful.

We are therefore driven to imitate still more closely Dame Nature, who uses not the sun's heat, but his light, to create the vegetation which afterwards is converted into the coal and petroleum put into our present clumsy and heavy contrivances to give us power; and it is possible that a discovery which has passed almost unnoticed in the clash of arms may give

price are likely to be some time before they grow up. The output of electricity from the battery described is said to be 2 ampères at 11 volts from a plate of 45 centimetres square under a winter's sun. This seems very small at first sight, but probably represents very nearly the minimum output, and might be largely increased under the fierce blaze of a Mediterranean summer, to say nothing of the floods of light poured down all the year round on favoured countries like those about the Equator. But all great discoveries have had small beginnings, and few would have guessed that Oersted's announcement that the magnet was deflected by an electric current passing through a wire placed near it would prove the parent of the huge dynamos which supply us with light and do for us so much other work. M. Adolphe Bloch, who is no bad judge in such matters, has thought fit to notice Mr. Case's experiments in the current number of the



A SCIENCE OF GERMAN ORIGIN. A BRITISH FLAME-PROJECTOR OPERATOR IN PROTECTIVE CLOTHING—A DEMONSTRATION BEFORE SERBIAN OFFICERS

Adapting in solid defence the use of liquid fire, introduced by the Germans, the British Army has improved on the invention to the disadvantage of its originators. Our photograph shows a demonstration before Serbian officers visiting the Western Front. The operator is seen in his protective dress—an "overhead" cloak and gloves—against the flames.

therefore prove a broken reed. A reservoir of power into which all may dip without ever coming to the bottom is the real desideratum.

Now the sun is the great source of power as well as of life on this earth, and it is, therefore, natural that we should turn to it when in search of the reservoir we want. Many attempts have been made to use the sun's heat for such a purpose, and, indeed, coal and petrol have both been described, not exactly, as "bottled sunshine." Nor have more direct ways been neglected. Two American engineers, Messrs. Shuman and Willsee, showed some time ago that it was possible to use solar heat—as it strikes, for instance, the roof of a greenhouse without returning to the upper air—to evaporate either water or some more volatile liquid, such as sulphurous acid, and thereby to turn a low-pressure turbine. The

us the means of doing this. Mr. E. W. Case, in our contemporary the *Electrician* of Aug. 17 last, tells us that if two plates of oxydised copper be placed in water at a small distance from each other, and in such a way that one is exposed to a strong light while the other remains in comparative darkness, a galvanic battery is formed of which the dark plate is the negative pole. Even without oxydation polished copper plates give a similar but reduced effect, and the output of electricity is increased by the addition of sodium chloride or common salt to the water. It seems to be the red end of the spectrum that is the most active agent in the matter. At present the only costless, and by far the most efficient source of the red rays, is to be found in the sun.

Such experiments are, of course, in their earliest infancy, and with copper at its present prohibitive

Revue Scientifique, and this ought to be no slight encouragement to their author.

Whether, however, they fall still-born or remain inanimate, to be resuscitated in happier times, there is a fair chance that it is along these lines that the search for a new motive power must in future proceed. Electricity—at one time little more than a scientific toy, the very nature of which is still unknown to us—is now coming into its own, and, since its storage has become possible, may prove to be the greatest weapon for the conquest of nature put into the hands of man. Heat and magnetism have each in turn been conscripted to produce it, and now it may well be the chance of light. Is this not a matter in which the State should assist, or is it to be left to some more enlightened and better organised community to develop this attack also?

F. L.

ON WINTER PATROL: DESTROYERS CRUISING IN A ROUGH SEA.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS, R.O.I., FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



DURING A NORTH-EASTERLY GALE WITH THE TEMPERATURE SEVERAL DEGREES BELOW THE FREEZING POINT:
PLUGGING STEADILY AHEAD.



"BUMPING" BADLY WHILE FORCING THEIR WAY AHEAD IN THE TEETH OF A STIFF NOR' EASTER:
SMOTHERED IN FOAM AS THE SEA SWAMPS THE BOWS.

The British destroyer of the Great War is a very different sort of vessel from the original destroyers of the "Nineties" of the Nineteenth Century, such as the once-famous "Havock" and "Hornet," wonders of the naval world as the two protagonists of the class were in their day. Both have long ago been scrapped, after long careers of usefulness and profitable instruction to naval designers. Through ever-improving types we have long since passed from the off-shore cruising, "coastal" destroyer classes to ocean-keeping craft, able to "live" through an Atlantic winter storm, such as the set

of destroyers shown here while going at high speed in the open sea in a March gale. Apropos to the illustrations. Destroyers steaming at anything over slow speed with a heavy sea on begin to "bump." The boat buries her bows into a wave and smothers herself in spray. The wave lifts the boat's bows high into the air, and unless the sea is very "short" the bows fall—rocking-horse fashion—flat down into the next wave-trough, causing a "bump." When a boat starts "bumping" badly, it is time to "ease down" to avoid damage.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WAR DONKEYS AND DOGS IN THE ALPS: ITALY'S FOUR-FOOTED ALLIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY ALPINE.



TAKING ROUND SUPPLIES BETWEEN MOUNTAIN OUTPOSTS: A DONKEY-SLEIGH ON A GLACIER.



IN WINTER OUT-OF-STABLES KIT: AN ALPINE SERVICE DONKEY, BLANKETED ON BACK AND NECK.



THE "BEATEN TRACK" FOR SLEIGHS: HAULING A LOAD ALONG A SMOOTHED SNOW-PATH BETWEEN OUTPOSTS.



ON A LEVEL SNOW-COVERED GLACIER; RESEMBLING THE SEA SURFACE, WITH MOUNTAIN PEAKS FOR ISLETS: A DOG TEAM'S THREE MILES TRUDGE.



STIFF COLLAR WORK ON A SLIPPERY UPWARD SLOPE: DOGS NEARING AN ALPINE CORPS' BARRACKS WITH A HEAVILY LADEN SLEIGH IN TOW.



ON A TWENTY-MILE PULL ACROSS A DIFFICULT GLACIER: DOGS HAVING A "BREATHING" AT THE TOP OF A SLOPE.



NEAR BARRACKS A SKI-RUNNER'S CAPSIZE IN THE SNOW: THE ATTENDANT DOG MAKING TO HIS MASTER'S AID.



A TOILSOME PULL, BUT WITH TAILS UP ALL THE TIME: A DOG TEAM BREASTING A STEEP SLOPE.

Donkeys, as well as dogs, are taking an active part in the war on at least five fronts. Donkeys are in constant employ on the Western Front, carrying ammunition-boxes, kits, and stores along lengthy stretches of communication trenches, in particular in certain French sectors. Others work between camps in Palestine, Mesopotamia, and parts of the Balkan front. On this page we see donkeys working amid the Italian Alps on the northern Italian front, at 12,000 feet altitude above sea-level, under infinitely

more trying conditions; amid intense cold, frost, and piercing winds, and snow blizzards that would test the stamina of the hardest Polar explorer. Hundreds succumb to exposure. Dog-team traction, for sleigh-hauling over the upland snows on the Italian northern front, is work such as the French on the Vosges front use dogs largely for. Dogs are, of course, so used in Arctic explorations over ice-fields, and to the present hour in the extreme northern parts of the Canadian North-West.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGFORD, ASH, RUSSELL, WENTON, LAPAYETTE, MARILL AND FOX, JARMAN, SWAINE, SPRAGUE, AND ELLIOTT AND FOX



CAPT. J. L. WHALLEY.
Essex Regt. Son of Lady Ashton
and stepson of Lord Ashton.



CAPT. MAITLAND GORDON.
Gordon Highlanders. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. Lockhart Gordon, Toronto



LIEUT. T. S. REAY,
Duke of Cornwall's Light In-
fantry. Died of wounds.



LIEUT. G. W. CALVERLEY,
Royal Irish Rifles (attached R.F.C.).
Killed in an accident while flying.



CAPT. A. J. M. GORDON.
Queen's Westminster. Son of
Rev. E. G. Gordon.



CAPT. H. C. LEWIS.
Middlesex Regt. Officially re-
ported as being killed in action.



COL. FLEMING SANDWITH,
C.M.G.
(Temp. Col., R.A.M.S.) Died
after two years' service.



LIEUT.-COL. GODFREY ST
L. THORNTON, D.S.O.,
R.F.A. Son of Mr. H. E. Thorn-
ton, Nottingham, and Kegworth



LIEUT. W. R. SANBORN,
R.F.C. Killed in a flying ac-
cident.



2ND LT. L. ROBATHAN,
Leicester Regt. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. Arnold Robathan, Suffolk.



MAJOR VICTOR
ROGERS, D.S.O.
New Zealand F.A.
Son of Rev. J. H.
Rogers, Vicar of
Timaru, N.Z.



FLT. SUB-LIEUT. A. C. G.
DUCKWORTH,
Reported missing; feared dead.



2ND LT. J. WOODALL BIRD,
Household Battalion. Killed in
action.



COMMR. G. R. SANDFORD NEVILE,
R.N. Cousin of the Rev. E. G. Gordon, Vicar
of St. John's, Waterloo Road.



MAJOR GUY BERTRAM OLIVER,
Royal Field Artillery. Mentioned in de-
spatches. Died of wounds.



2ND LIEUT. J. C. P. CROSBY,
K. Liverpool Regt. Son of Rev.
J. H. Crosby, Precentor of Ely.



SUB-LIEUT. CECIL A. CLERK,
R.N.D. Son-in-law Mr. F. B. Clerk,
Mysore, and Mrs. Clerk, Hove



2ND LIEUT. F. L. HENLEY,
Sherwood Foresters. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. J. W. Henley, of Shankill



LIEUT. B. W. BAILEY,
British Columbia Regt. Officially
reported killed in action.



2ND LIEUT. H. T. HENLEY, M.M.,
R. Irish Rifles. Son of Mr. and Mrs.
J. W. Henley, of Shankill



CAPT. FRANK AMPHLETT,
Australian Infantry. Has been
reported killed in action

LITERATURE.

"Per Amica Silentia Lunae." On glancing first at the title of "Per Amica Silentia Lunae," by W. B. Yeats (Macmillan), we thought for a moment it might be a story of air-raid adventures; but further reflection suggested that such *faetiae* were hardly in the author's manner—and, indeed, the subject-matter is something very different. Not but what his title would have been appropriate to the coming of the Gothas to London, for Virgil uses the phrase in describing (in *Aeneid* II. 255) the coming of Greek ships against Troy. The passage in which Mr. Yeats brings in the quotation indicates not only his application of it, but also his own mentality, and the scope of this curiously written expression, in prose and verse, of his spiritual faith. "I have always sought," he writes, "to bring my mind close to the mind of Indian and Japanese poets, old women in Connaught, mediums in Soho, lay brothers whom I imagine dreaming in some mediaeval monastery the dreams of their village, learned authors who refer all to antiquity; to immerse it in the general mind where that mind is scarce separable from what we have begun to call 'the sub-conscious'; to liberate it from all that comes of councils and committees, from the world as it is seen from universities or from populous towns; and that I might so believe I have murmured evocations and frequented mediums, delighted in all that displayed great problems through sensuous images, or exciting phrases, accepting from abstract schools but a few technical words that are so old they seem but broken architraves fallen amid bramble and grass, and have put myself to school where all things are seen: *A Tenedo lacitae per amica silentia lunae.*" In a short verse duologue called "Ego Dominus Tuus," and in the first of the two prose essays, "Anima Hominis," Mr. Yeats develops the idea of an "anti-self"—a kind of spiritual Dr. Jekyll opposed to the mundane Mr. Hyde in every man's composition, and shows how poets like Dante, Keats, Landor, and William Morris expressed this "anti-self" in their verse. The second

essay, "Anima Mundi"—also the title of a work by the Cambridge Platonist, Henry More, to whom Mr. Yeats alludes with admiration—is harder to summarise. Briefly, it suggests, from personal experience, means by which the soul can come into touch with "the general soul" and be influenced by the souls of the departed. In a final epilogue to a friend, Mr. Yeats, after mentioning how modern French poets have reverted to "Mother France and Mother Church," concludes: "Have not my thoughts run through a like round, though I have not found my tradition in the

(Constable). It is not his first book on the subject. He has previously written three good books—"Aircraft," "The Way of the Air," and "Glorious Exploits of the Air." By way of variety, no doubt, he has given his present venture the somewhat fanciful title—as perhaps it may appear—"Airfare." But we will not raise a question on that point. The book is written with a special eye to the general reader, and is packed from cover to cover with interesting and often little-known details about aircraft of all sorts—"fighter 'planes," bombing Gothas, Zeppelins, and so on. Anecdotes and tales of authenticated adventures abound, and eye-witnesses' experiences and happenings under fire as well. Useful and quite interesting chapters are those that deal with the training of our young aviators—their everyday earlier aerodrome life; how they begin, and what they do in training; also what it feels like on instruction flights, the cultivation of nerve. A glimpse is given of the kind of young fellow who is likely to make the best aviator. "The Aviator's Point of View" and "Airfare of the Future" are two attractive chapters, among others that might be mentioned. Throughout, the author's cheerful, chatty, and bright style—typical of the aviator spirit—is apparent. It catches the reader at once, and makes him not want to lay the book down once he has begun to turn over its pages, whether he skims the volume, picking out "good things" here and there, or settles down to read the book steadily through.



THE KING OF GREECE ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN MACEDONIA: HIS MAJESTY (SECOND FROM RIGHT) ARRIVING ON A PARADE GROUND WITH THE BRITISH COMMANDER.

King Alexander recently visited various sectors of the British lines in the Balkans. On the Struma front he was welcomed by the British Commander-in-Chief and a review was held in his honour. He spent a week at Salonika, inspecting barracks, camps, and hospitals. A few days ago he was made a G.C.B. by King George, who sent him a very cordial message.—[Official Photograph.]

Catholic Church, which was not the Church of my childhood, but where the tradition is, as I believe, more universal and more ancient?"

"Airfare." A la Mode.

knows his work. And, what is to the point in the present connection, he knows, at any rate, how to write a taking and an entertaining book. This may certainly be said of that now under notice, "Airfare of To-Day and the Future"

Mr. Edgar C. Middleton, who speaks of himself as "Late Flight Sub-Lieut., R.N.," and "An Air Pilot,"

and valuable. It includes a list of the new constituencies, showing the redistribution of seats under the Representation of the People Act, which was passed on Feb. 6. In future there will be 707 Members of Parliament, instead of 690. The essential provisions of the new Act are explained in the book, which, for the rest, contains all its traditional features, and continues to be one of the "indispensables" among works of reference. This, indeed, is more emphatically the case than ever in these days of constant change of conditions and of men

"Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench" (Dean and Son), for 1918 is more than usually interesting

GAMAGES

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"I had the two dresses made up, and the first wash completely spoilt both, although I washed them carefully myself. I feel sure that this is not your goods at all, for I had a pink Tobralco dress from another shop two years ago, and the colour has scarcely changed, and I should say it has been washed between 40 and 50 times.

"I shall be glad to know whether above materials are yours, and am sending the navy blue by this mail. Please do not send it back, as it is useless."

Of course, the fabrics referred to are not Tootal goods. Tootal Guaranteed Fabrics are all plainly Selvedge-marked or labelled. The public must never accept as "Tootal fabrics" any goods without the Tootal Mark of Protection. See list on this page.

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"The Smiths in War Time." You remember the Smiths—the kindly, true-blue, comfortable couple of Surbiton? In the war a pair so elderly and simple would find their life, it might be thought, enormously disturbed. But no. The upheavals at Valley View came from within, not from without, and—with the exception of the captivity of young George—they rose from old Ralph Smith's efforts to bring the war home to himself and his household. He began by a laudable enterprise towards drastic economy, by letting Valley View furnished and going to a cottage by the sea. This gives Mr. Keble Howard full play with the ways of house-agents, a desolating tribe. The cottage was worse than the agents, and Mr. Smith was counted out in the first round. However, he bobbed up again in later encounters, and we find him driving his septuagenarian feet out to a Volunteer route march, and being foolishly benevolent to the wife of an interned German, and remodelling—luckily without success—his domestic routine on the military system. The Smiths are nice, dear people, and their company in "The Smiths in War Time" (John Lane) provides a pleasant, semi-humorous, semi-sentimental entertainment which will be to popular taste. Amiable nonentities? Of course. But of a respectability grounded (as, in spite of the censorious, respectability is more often than not) on a firm sense of decency—or, if you prefer it, on the sure foundations of a long-ordered civilisation.

"Mulberry Springs." When Mr. Frederick Storrs Turner gave (as the dedication lets us know) a pen to Mrs. Margaret Storrs Turner, he did an excellent service to the novel-reading world. One thing leads to another—as, for example, a pen to a manuscript, and a manuscript to Mr. Fisher Unwin's First Novel Library, where "Mulberry Springs" has seen the light of day. It is a dainty romance, and we congratulate, heartily, both the publisher and the lady. The spirit of youth and race, the ease of the great, the unease of consorciuous matrons, the foolishness and the vanity of lovers, are all sketched in, with light and delightful detail, in this

story of Marie-Louise's young adventure. The setting ranges from an Eastern European castle to Dr. Bolt's rising little sanatorium at Mulberry Springs. Marie-Louise, the daughter of a poet who sang of roses and treated life as if it were an affair of rose-leaves, came flying on Atalanta-feet to England; and England, for her, became Mulberry Springs, with

its half-pay Colonel and its pumps, and gossips, and predatory males. What happened to her, and why she found herself the centre of misunderstanding, must be read as Mrs. Storrs Turner has written it. The book has an uncommon freshness. It is original enough to be able to introduce Austria and the Balkans, and not mention the coming of the war. It is gay, with Marie-Louise's gaiety, which wrapped, as in a starry mantle, the passionate heart of a woman. Only Dominic Willoughby jars, to our mind. He was not, nor can we think he would be, the complete lover. He was a churlish fellow to be given Marie-Louise, creature of spirit, fire, and dew. Let us hope he mended his manners in wedded bliss. "Mulberry Springs" is a charming book.

"The Man of Silver Mount."

It may be possible to swallow the miracles of Silver Mount, the Atlantic island where treasure and fair ladies in fancy dress, a freebooter's lair and a Robinson Crusoe camp defy the probabilities of the twentieth century; but the "howlers" that happen at sea cannot be allowed to pass. The *Dunbar* was burned in mid-ocean without a boat being got out, although the captain was a gallant and experienced seaman, and the hero is discovered pulling a life-boat with a pair of sculls. As for the naval engagements at the other end of the book, they are on a par with the scene where British seamen (having, of course, defeated a greatly superior German force) kissed each other in the hour of their triumph. The truth is that "The Man of Silver Mount" (Cassell) is poor stuff. Mr. Max Pemberton presumably knows his public. He knows how much they will stand. We wish we could believe his estimate to be mistaken. It is not to the credit of novel-readers that they should find the bragging airs and the absurdities of this performance to their taste. Mr. Pemberton calls one of his British vessels the *Benbow*. The real *Benbows* and their brethren of the Fleet will scarcely, we think, approve his handling of nautical matters. The rest of the story is a jumble of pirates, and other people with pistols.



"JOSS PIDGIN" IN A CAMP OF A CHINESE BATTALION OF THE LABOUR CORPS IN FRANCE: CHINAMEN AT PRAYER ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"Joss pidgin" is "pigeon English" for Divine worship. New Year's Day is one of the great prayer days, a religious festival, and an occasion for rejoicings and feasting and social celebrations everywhere. In the Chinese Labour Corps camps in France, among which several battalions of coolies are distributed, the day (February 11) was observed with junketings as well as prayers. The huts were decked with flags and streamers and paper flowers. Small paper-walled temples or "joss-houses" were built, before which men knelt and prayed. New Year's Eve was celebrated by feasting, and the day itself kept as a holiday, with processions and bands going round the camps, the columns parading with Chinese flags of the Republic at their head.—[Canadian War Records.]

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Try this Recipe:

LENTIL ROAST—6 oz. of Lentils; 1 small piece of Onion; 1 pint of Vegetable Stock (or less); 1 dessertspoonful of Yorkshire Relish; 1½ oz. Margarine; 4 oz. Bread Crumbs or 6 oz. Cold Potato; Pepper, Salt, and a little Sage.

METHOD :—Wash the Lentils, cook them for one hour with the onion and stock; then mix all the ingredients together.

Grease a Pie Dish or Cake Tin, and coat with Bread Crumbs or Cold Potato; then put in the mixture (it must not be too moist). Bake a nice brown (about 20 minutes). Turn out and serve with Tomato or Apple Sauce. (Can be eaten Hot or Cold.)

Yorkshire Relish is sold by grocers everywhere at 7d., 1½ and 2¼ per bottle. Pay no more.



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The great Chandos Street authority on meatless cookery. Authoress of "Health without Meat," "Life's Colours," etc. She has just prepared for us a special series of meatless recipes.

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IF only everyone would read this there'd be no more grumbling about the unaccustomed flour we are getting now-a-days—it is highly nourishing, and, as Miss Wright says, with

Goodall's Egg Powder you can easily tame it into good behaviour—and save ¾ of the cost of eggs into the bargain. Instead of using the 2 or 3 eggs your recipe probably called for, just use *one* (or even omit eggs entirely); and a 1½d. packet of Goodall's Egg Powder. You will then get cakes practically as light and tempting and delicious as your pre-war ones—at practically pre-war cost. Cookery Schools and up-to-date homes all over the Kingdom are using Goodall's Egg Powder generously. Why not begin to do the same, and begin to save your money?

1½d. packets; 7d. and 1½ tins.

Here's a good Recipe:

CINNAMON BUNS—Take ½ lb. of flour, add a pinch of Salt and 2 heaped teaspoonfuls of Goodall's Egg Powder. Rub in 4 oz. of lipping or Margarine, sprinkle in a few Currants, 2 oz. of Sugar and half-a-teaspoonful of Powdered Cinnamon.

Mix with milk till the mixture will drop from a spoon, put into greased patty pans and bake for 20 minutes in a quick oven.

Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Leeds.

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PRICE'S, BATTERSEA, S.W. 11.



"BOX O' TRICKS" AT THE HIPPODROME.

TASTE and care and cleverness have gone to the shaping of Mr. Albert de Courville's latest "Box o' Tricks" at the Hippodrome. Out of it come things of beauty, rich colour, strains of tuneful melody—things that are ingenious, things that make for laughter. For a picture of sheer loveliness its Japanese dwarf garden may take the



CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH DURING A RAID: GERMAN PRISONERS. French Official Photograph.]

palm; but there is charm as well as quaintness in its early Victorian episode, in which Miss Shirley Kellogg—specially brought back to revive, submits one of the prettiest of her songs; and there is real fantastic invention in the "Nightmare" turn, where huge and sinister-looking faces suddenly develop into groups of girls who take their places in a general dance. Add the scene in which is drilled a women's regiment in khaki, each member emerging from a tent that finally disappears by magic, and a corresponding naval tableau in which our flag is unfurled by many hands, and it will be seen that the new piece abounds in novel effects. Needless to say, Mr. Harry Tate is once more the prime fun-maker, no less droll whether he is found in a burlesque patent office, or conducts a women's musical band, or travesties the Moor of Venice. Then, in addition to Miss Kellogg, popular folk such as Miss Cicely Debenham, Mr. Tom Macnaughton, and Miss Daphne Pollard give delight; and last, not least, we get from Mr.

Ralph Riggs and Miss Katherine Witchie more of their wonderful dancing.

Holborn "Tank" Day proved a big success, and the winning numbers for the prizes offered by Gamage's have been drawn for by the Mayor. The lucky winners were: First Prize, £200 War Bonds, No. 2720; Second Prize, £60 War Bonds, No. 500; and 50 other prizes have also been awarded.

It is not surprising that considerable excitement was caused in Battersea on March 7, when the pigeon messengers of London's War Bond Effort were entrusted with applications in triplicate to the value of no less than £250,000, the splendid contribution of Messrs. Price's Patent Candle Company, Ltd., ear-marked for Battersea. The whole of the staff of the office and the famous factory, numbering several thousands, mustered to witness the despatching of the birds—one of which, its patriotic and precious burden notwithstanding, declined to budge from a neighbouring window-sill. The Chairman of the Company, Brigadier-General Brownrigg, and Miss Brownrigg, with Mr. Charles Radburn, the General Manager, assisted in despatching the bird-messengers to headquarters. It is expected that this fine contribution will also have given a powerful stimulus to local effort, and thus proved of aid during the subsequent visit of the Tank to Battersea.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C. 2.

H G CROSS (Birmingham).—We cannot tell you why the composer enfolded the Black pieces you mention. As the problem stands it is correct, and that is all we are concerned about.

I D WILLIAMS (Wood Green).—We agree with your expression of praise. The problem is a very ingenious one.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 374 received from G F Berry (Frankfort, Kentucky, U.S.A.), J C Cross (Birmingham), J A Barron (Stratford, Canada), and G L Wise (Quebec); of No. 375 from C Field (Adel, Mass., U.S.A.) and E S G Driver (H.M.S. Egger); of No. 376 from C Field; of No. 377 from G Buchanan (Warrington), and J D Williams (Wood Green); of No. 378 from W J Woodhead (Newton Abbott), J E Gennell (Camptown), G T Pinner (Church), Captain Chollic (Great Yarmouth), T A Tresselt (Forest Gate), W R Tolly, Jacob Verrall (Rochford), L W Caffari (Grantham), John Jackson (Lewesport), J D Williams, J de B Wallis (H.M.S. Vincent), G Buchanan, C C Havard (Preston Green), W Strangman H H (Dulwich), and Esperantisto (Angers).

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 378 received from R M Munro (Nantwich), J S Cantista, H Grasett Ballwin (Pamham), G Sorrie (Stonehaven), I Fowler, J C Staikhouse (Torbay), F Drakeford (Brampton), J S Forbes (Brighton), G Buchanan, J Christie (Birmingham), A H Arthur (Bath), H S Brandreth (Weybridge), M E Onslow (Bournemouth), J Dixon (Chesham), F Smart, and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Salford).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 378.—By W. MASON.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to B 7th. Any move
2. Mate accordingly.

CHESS IN LONDON.

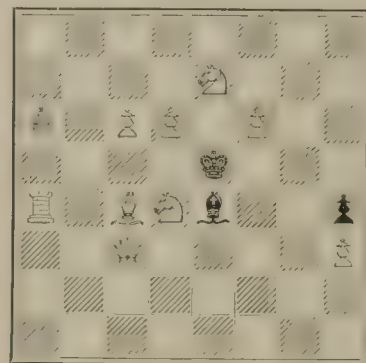
Game played at the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. P W SERGEANT and E T JESTY.

(Key: Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. Q takes P	R to B sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. B to K 3rd	B to B 4th
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	18. Q to Q 2nd	Q to Kt 7th
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	19. B to K B 2nd	K R to Q sq
5. Castles	Kt takes P	20. Q R to B sq	P to Q 5th
6. P to Q 4th	P to Q Kt 4th	21. Q to Q 3rd	P to Kt 2nd
7. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th	22. P to Q R 3rd	K to Kt 2nd
8. P takes P	B to K 3rd		
9. P to B 3rd	B to K 2nd		
10. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles		
The best move, but the opening is all book so far.		This move has a curious and unexpected sequel.	
11. Kt to Q 4th	Kt takes Kt	23. R to B 2nd	B takes B
12. P takes Kt	P to K B 4th	24. Q takes B	P to Q 6th
A decidedly dangerous advance, at one and the same time uncovering his King and giving the pass to White's K P.		25. R takes B	R takes R
13. P to B 3rd	Kt takes Kt	26. Q to Kt 4th	R (Q sq) to Q 4th
14. Q takes Kt	P to B 4th	27. R to Q sq	P to Q 5th
Now P to B 5th would be more consistent with the line of play embarked upon. It gives good fighting chances, besides imposing considerable restraint on White's freedom.		28. B takes R	Q to Q B 3rd
15. P to B 4th	P takes P	Overlooking the check which destroys all his plans. He was playing to save his Q P.	
P to Q B 5th seems the stronger continuation. The text move secures		29. B to B 8 (ch)	K to Kt sq
		30. Q to K 7th	R to Q 2nd
		31. Q to B 5th	Q to K 5th
		32. B to R 6th	R resigns.

PROBLEM No. 378.—By J. PAUL TAYLOR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

URODONAL

and GOUT.

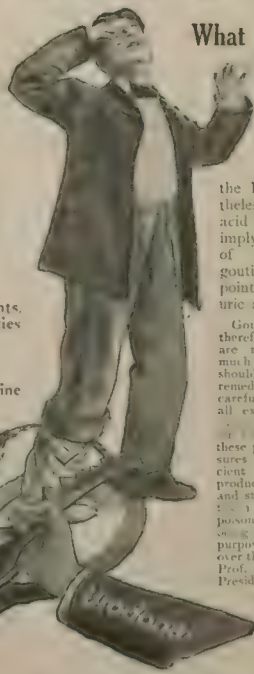
**RHEUMATISM.
GOUT. GRAVEL.
CALCULI.
NEURALGIA.
SICK-HEADACHE.
SCIATICA.
ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS.
OBESITY. ACIDITY.**

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cleanses the Kidneys, Liver, and Joints. It maintains the flexibility of the arteries and prevents Obesity.

Urodonal

is to Rheumatism and Gout what Quinine is to Fever.



A Martyr to Gout.

What is Gout?

Gout, in common with Rheumatism, is caused through arthritis 'excess of uric acid in the blood). Nevertheless, excess of uric acid does not always imply the presence of gout, whereas goutiness invariably points to excess of uric acid.

Gouty subjects should therefore know that they are manufacturing too much uric acid, and should take steps to remedy the condition by careful dieting, avoiding all excess or errors in these precautionary measures may prove insufficient to prevent overproduction of uric acid, and steps will have to be taken to eliminate the poison as fast as it is produced. For this purpose physicians all over the world recommend the use of URODONAL, which is thirty-seven times more active than lithia, as a solvent of uric acid, while possessing the additional advantage of being absolutely harmless—unlike other remedies of a similar kind, and not causing injury to the heart, brain, stomach, kidneys, or other organs, even when taken in large and repeated doses.

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The effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Diphtheria, etc.

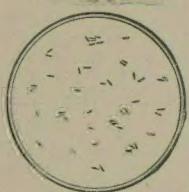
The unique antiseptic qualities possessed by Evans' Pastilles aid the natural resistance against all microbes which attack the mouth and throat. The Pastilles are made from a private formula and they are free from poisonous alkaloids. They strengthen the vocal cords, allay and prevent irritation of the throat, and loosen any mucous secretions which may be present.

TRENCH ODOURS Evans' Pastilles are splendid for preventing the unpleasant effects which result from trench odours, and they are invaluable for service conditions. Send a tin to the Front.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or post free from the makers **1/3 per tin.**

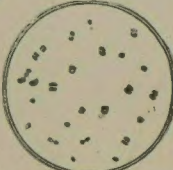
Evans Sons Lescher & Webb Ltd.,
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And at London and New York.



The *Bacillus Influenzae*, which is responsible for all cases of Influenza, magnified 930 diameters, taken at our *Kincom Laboratories*. We have proved by test that Evans' Pastilles are quite efficacious in preventing the harmful effects caused by this microbe.

This is from an actual micro-photograph taken at our *Kincom Bacteriological Laboratories* showing the *Micrococcus Catarrhalis*—the microbe which causes Catarrh. Magnified 930 diameters.



and to prevent substitution, we have reproduced here the Pastille and Box for reference.

Each Pastille can be recognised by a raised bar marking and none are genuine without this mark.



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CASEMENT COTTONS, WOOLS and SILKS in great variety, from 11/4, to 6/11 per yd.

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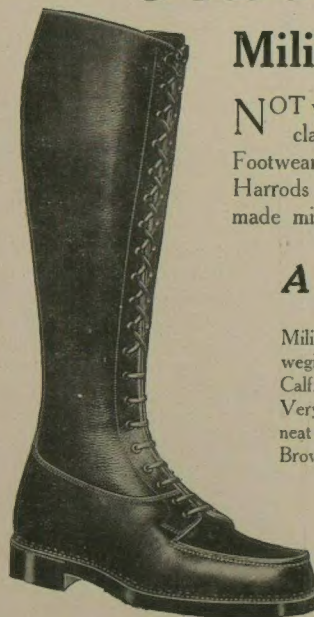
NOT without solid reason do Harrods claim to offer not only the finest Footwear, but the finest *value* Footwear. Harrods are actual makers, and have made military Footwear a special study.

A Faultless Model

G. B. 705.

Military Knee Boot, panel fronts, Norwegian pattern. Made of best Waterproof Calf. 1/2-inch Chrome Waterproof Soles. Very comfortable. Legs designed to give neat appearance. All sizes. Black or Brown.

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G. B. 141.

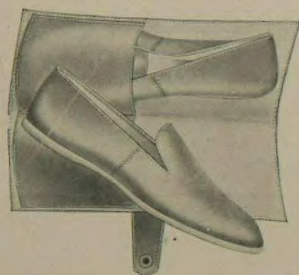
Military Slippers, Harrods exclusive design. Made in Black and Brown Leather, warm lined. Stout damp-proof soles. They fold flat in case, as illustrated, and take up minimum amount of room in kit. The neatest, most compact active service slipper yet produced.

21/-

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Managing Director

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The National Council.

Following on my remarks last week on the subject of the A.A. and the projected National Council of Motoring, I have received a letter from Mr. Arthur Goodwin in answer to the communication of the A.A. in which were set forth the latter's reasons for standing out of the Council. I believe it is the case that Mr. Goodwin was the sponsor of the scheme of combining all the representative bodies into a general Council; and I cannot help thinking that he has written now under a strong sense of disappointment at the failure of his project. It is possible to appreciate very fully that he regrets the miscarriage of his efforts—indeed, I think everybody who has given the matter more than passing attention must feel a certain measure of disappointment that the ideal we have set before us for years past has failed to materialise at the eleventh hour. I wish Mr. Goodwin had taken a little more time to consider his answer to the A.A. If he had,

I am convinced he would have made a much better reply than he has. As it is, his answer is really no answer at all, since he evades altogether the main issue that, by

had joined in, it could have disposed of any attempt to force trade issues against those of the private motorist by weight of voting power. As a matter of dialectics, that is

an argument which is not so bad; but the real point, as I see it, is that the A.A. would have had to sign away its voting power before it entered the Council at all. It must not be lost to sight that, under the terms of the now famous Paragraph III. of the resolutions, the A.A. would have had to undertake to "use its influence to discourage any organisation represented upon the Council from acting in a manner calculated to impede the policy or injure the interests of any other organisation so represented." If that means anything at all, it means that the A.A.—in common with the rest—would be under a direct obligation not to act against other interests, as well as to "discourage" others from so doing. Following the logical line of reasoning, it seems to me that if and when a body, the undertaking quoted above, found itself faced by a proposal inimical to the interests of those it represented it would have the choice of two

(Continued overleaf.)

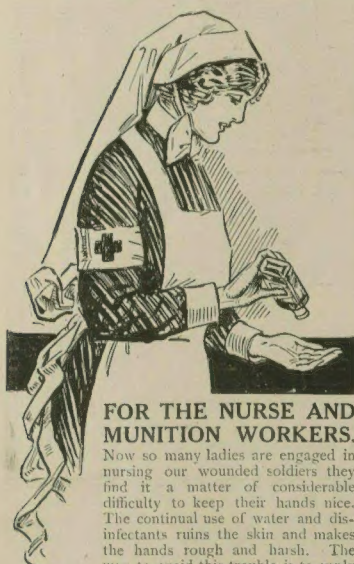


FIATS HALT FOR THE NIGHT: AN INCIDENT EN ROUTE FOR THE ITALIAN FRONT.

Our photograph shows a number of French Army motors, Fiats, all of them, used for transport. Each lorry has its own trailer, used as kitchen or workshop, or for stores.—[Official Photograph.]

joining in the Council, the A.A. would have started with its hands tied by the resolution which I quoted last week. He endeavours to make the point that, if the Association

having subscribed to the undertaking quoted above, found itself faced by a proposal inimical to the interests of those it represented it would have the choice of two



FOR THE NURSE AND MUNITION WORKERS.

Now so many ladies are engaged in nursing our wounded soldiers they find it a matter of considerable difficulty to keep their hands nice. The continual use of water and disinfectants ruins the skin and makes the hands rough and harsh. The way to avoid this trouble is to apply a little La-rola every time the hands are washed.

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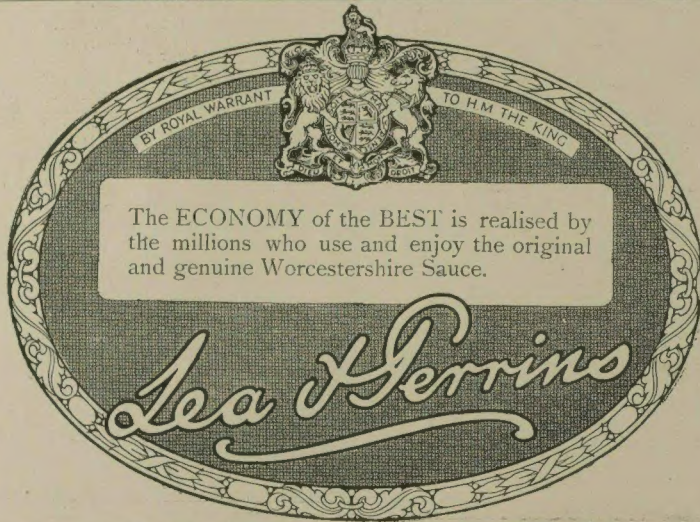
is a delicately scented toilet milk, neither sticky nor greasy, and is easily absorbed by the skin. It is very economical to use, a good-sized bottle costing only 1/11, will last you some time.

From all Chemists and Stores.

PALE COMPLEXIONS

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dyspepsia, etc., and whenever the digestion of ordinary food is difficult, take Benger's Food. It soothes the distressed stomach and gives freedom from pain. Though "light as snowflakes" it is fully nutritive, and quickly restores strength.

BENGER'S Food

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WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP WATER OR BRUSH.

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The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE Euxesis is printed with Pink Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground, and bears this TRADE MARK

We bought the business, with the recipe, trade mark, and goodwill from the Executor of the late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine is now manufactured ONLY at our Factory.

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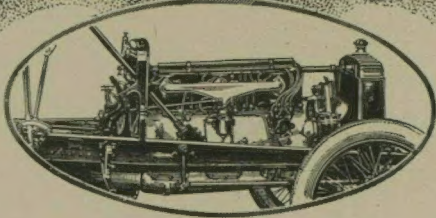
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Soft and Smooth to the Palate
Fine Natural Flavour
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The Heart of the Car

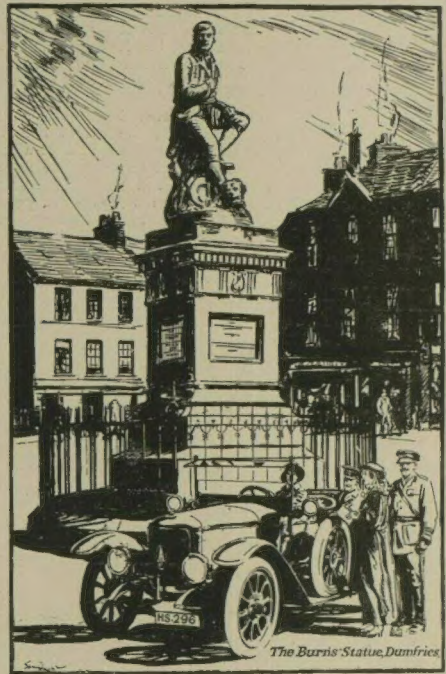
IN physiology the heart is the vital part which determines life and action. Comparable with the human heart in its determination of action is the engine of the motor car.

AMPLE proof of Daimler superiority in this vital connection is available. Apart from its wonderful service overseas, the Daimler Sleeve-Valve Engine established a record nine years ago that has never since been attempted.

THE Daimler Sleeve-Valve Engine—with its permanent valve setting, absence of springs, cams, tappets, and the sources of trouble common to the poppet-valve design—is like a perfect heart in a healthful system. It is unrivalled for simplicity, silence, flexibility, and will outlast any other production.

Daimler

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The Burns Statue, Dumfries

A GREAT SCOT AND A GREAT CAR!
BOTH FROM THE LAND O' BURNS.

The post-War Model will further enhance the high-grade reputation of the A.-J. Car.
Are you on the Waiting List?

Arrol-Johnston LTD.
DUMFRIES.

*You simply
comb it thro'*



Twenty-five years' reputation backed by the testimony of three-quarters of a million users, has proved the truth of Seegerol's claim to be

the one satisfactory treatment for grey or faded hair

One application of Seegerol produces a shade permanent—washable—undetectable by the closest observer. Its harmlessness in use is certified by the highest medical authority (see certificate accompanying every bottle).

Seegerol is prepared in seven natural shades—Brown, Dark Brown, Light Brown, Black, Auburn, Golden or Blonde.

2/6 the flask.

SEEGEROL
FOR GREY OR FADED HAIR

Of all chemists, stores, and hairdressers, or direct from—
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Lotus

WHEN there is only one pair of Lotus service boots to be had and it is wanted by two officers, the one at home and the other at the front, the latter always gets it.

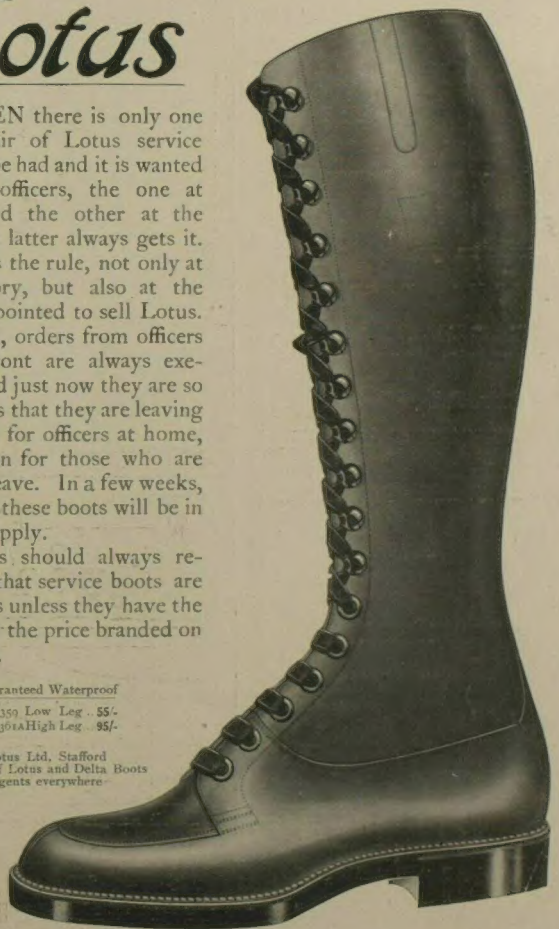
This is the rule, not only at the factory, but also at the shops appointed to sell Lotus.

Indeed, orders from officers at the front are always executed, and just now they are so numerous that they are leaving no Lotus for officers at home, none even for those who are over on leave. In a few weeks, however, these boots will be in better supply.

Officers should always remember that service boots are not Lotus unless they have the name and the price branded on the soles.

Guaranteed Waterproof
No. 359 Low Leg . 55/-
No. 361 High Leg . 95/-

Lotus Ltd, Stafford
Makers of Lotus and Delta Boots
Agents everywhere.



Continued.
alternatives—either to treat its pledged word as a "scrap of paper" or to withdraw forthwith from participation in the doings of the Council. Clearly, that being the contingency which must ultimately arise, it is better to stand out now than to go in and act later as I have indicated. There is bound to be some amount of acrimony either way, but it certainly seems that less is likely to arise in the circumstances as they exist now.

A Startling Proposal.

Although the project of the National Council seems to be shelved for the time being at least, it looks as though some good might come out of the discussion which has turned about the proposal. The *Auto*, which has always been remarkable for the soundness and balance of its views, puts forward the really startling proposal that the time has

now come for a fusion of the R.A.C. and the A.A. At first, the proposal seems to be so revolutionary as almost to take one's breath away. In the past the two organisations have worked along such entirely differing lines that an amalgamation of interests seemed to be the last thing in the world to be considered as within the possibilities of practical politics. But times have changed, and with them all our outlook on such matters. The more I regard the proposal the better I like it; nor do I see any insuperable difficulties in the way of carrying it into effect. True, there are difficulties which would call for very careful adjustment, and for a good deal of the policy of give and take; but it can be done if there is the necessary goodwill on both sides. As to the possible details of such an arrangement, I do not propose to discuss them now. In any case, they are not ripe for discussion yet, because I am quite in

the dark as to what kind of reception awaits the suggestion in Pall Mall or Coventry Street. But more about this anon.

Vauxhalls on War Service.

The following tribute from a driver at the front is typical of many received by Vauxhall Motors regarding the work of their cars: "It may interest you to know that I have been driving one of your cars (engine No. D.803) since January 1916. Since then it has done a little over forty thousand miles, over roads that are very often in a sorry state. Except for decarbonising the cylinders, and having the side-brakes re-covered, the car has given no trouble. The engine pulls just as gamely as ever, and the gear-box and back-axle are in splendid condition. I have handled several other makes of cars, but I may say my old Vauxhall has got them all skinned."

W. W.

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Handkerchiefs,
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Write for samples and
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Pretty Girls Take Carter's

Imperfect complexion is caused by a sluggish liver. A few days treatment with **Carter's Little Liver Pills** will do more to clear the skin and restore the bloom of perfect health to the cheeks than all beauty treatments.

You will even be better looking by taking Carter's.

They cure Constipation, unclog the liver, end indigestion—biliousness and dizziness.

Harmless and purely Vegetable.

The Ideal Laxative for Children.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

The **GENUINE** must bear signature



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Beautiful Lustrous Tresses



Rob the hair of its lustre, and you rob it of half its beauty, its suppleness, its strength. When the natural oil which protects and beautifies the hair is deficient, it must be supplemented. Otherwise the hair will become dull, dry, and brittle; it will split at the ends and prematurely fall out.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

restores lustre, pliability, and strength to the hair, removes scurf, and is the ideal dressing **FOR THE HAIR**. Prepared in a golden tint for fair hair. Sold in 3/6, 7/-, and 10/6 sizes by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, or ROWLANDS, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

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Tubes 1/- Pots 1/6 2/6

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Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

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FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. SOUPS are a most wholesome substitute for Meat. Make them your daily food.

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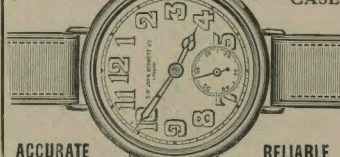
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500 LADIES WANTED
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Call or send post-card for full particulars.
THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD.,
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The "Service" Wrist Watch, with luminous figures and hands visible at night. In silver case with lever movement and leather strap suitable for rough wear. Air, damp, and dust tight.

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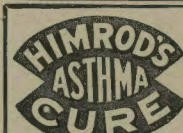
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of every description.

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